

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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OUR COUNTRY.

We give thy natal day to hope,
O country of our love and prayer!
Thy way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and air.

The fathers sleep, but men remain
As wise, as true, as brave as they;
Why count the loss and not the gain?
The best is that we have to-day.

The power that broke their prison bars,
And set the dusky millions free,
And welded in the flame of war
The Union fast to Liberty,

Shall it not deal with other ills,
Redress the red man's grievance, break
The Circean cup that shames and kills,
And Labor full requital make?

Alone to such as fitly bear
Thy civic honors bid them fall?
And call thy daughters forth to share
The rights and duties pledged to all?

With peace that comes of purity,
And strength to simple justice due,
So runs our loyal dream of thee:
God of our fathers! make it true.

—*John G. Whittier.*

SAVED BY HOPE.

"For by Hope are we saved."

The capacity to hope is among the very highest characteristics of human nature. It is an evidence of man's spiritual origin and destiny. Only a being essentially spiritual can possess the power to rise in thought and aspiration above present conditions and live in the future. In Tennyson's phrase, it is "the mighty hopes that make us men."

It is the perception of something better than that already attained, and the expectation of achieving it, which together have been the main force in human progress.

Hope implies the capacity to shape ideals, and at least the impulse toward their realization. In a world inchoate and full of germs and beginnings, hope is the most rational exercise of the mind, whether we consider it from the view-point of natural history or from the view-point of revelation. The history of the globe is a record of advance from lower to higher,—from azoic rock to teeming soil and sea, from protozoön to man, from savage to philosopher and saint.

Take courage, O soul, from your very sense of imperfection. There is a spring of hope in that. Imperfection is neither a human nor a divine end. Not toward that does our life's tragic experience move. God is righteous and God is love. He is busy with the world, unfolding and shaping it according to his perfect purpose. He is busy with you and me, shaping us into strength and wisdom.

Do not say, "The world is full of evil and sorrow and pain: there is no hope," but rather, "The world is full of the chaotic elements and rude beginnings of a glorious cosmos which God is fashioning on his own large plan." Do not say, "Because I am so sinful, so selfish and passionate, so ignorant and false, so stained with sensual desire and burdened with the consciousness of unholy deeds there is no hope for me," but rather, "I am very sinful and guilty,

but I have hope because God is even my Father and Friend."

Consider now for a few minutes the relation of hope to our practical life,—what we may call "the economic function of hope." For, whatever may be our theory of the world and the future, we cannot really live without hope. It enters into all our activities and enterprises.

First, the relation of hope to endeavor. Men labor because they hope. The poor man hopes to better his condition: when he gives up hope, he becomes a pauper or a tramp. Six hundred years before Christ, Hales, a Greek philosopher, said, "Hope is the poor man's bread." That is true to-day in this twentieth century after Christ. The business man is spurred to industry by the hope of gain. It urges him to industry, thrift, and temperance. It keeps his heart cheerful amidst difficulties and reverses. When it fails, he sinks down in failure and defeat.

In political life hope keeps the hearts of citizens steadfast when demagogues seem to rule the hour, and incites them to oppose fraud and misrule with persistent loyalty.

In every field of enterprise hope is the one thing with which men cannot dispense and the loss of which cuts the nerves of endeavor.

Help others to live hopefully by living hopefully yourself. Cultivate the hopeful spirit and speak ever the hopeful word. Never take away any one's hope without at least giving him a better one. There is no crime like that of which he is guilty who with cynical pessimism strikes at the hopefulness of men.

Take the one matter of immortality. Some lose all hope and then deem it a virtue in themselves to destroy the hope of others. If you have hope, speak it out. Men need ever the strong, cheering word. What an example was Paul, the apostle! Throughout his troubled, buffeted life he never lost courage, and his voice sounds with inspiring hopefulness across all the centuries since he lived and died in the spirit of his Master for the deliverance of men from bondage to despair.

Let us take up our work, each in his place, with stout hearts. Let us plan and labor for the good of the community and the salvation of men from sin and error. The weak and cowardly expect failure and invite defeat: the strong man hopes for the good to come and in the strength of hope

expects the larger achievement and the better day. We shall not be disappointed. We may not immediately attain; but, if our vision and endeavor reach far enough, we shall not fail. God will not put us to permanent confusion.

The guarantee of all hope for real good is God. The basis of hope is faith in him. Believe in God, and you can and will hope. The Hebrew sage declared that "the hope of unjust men shall perish," but all the seers of the spirit assure us that the hope of the good is a mortgage on God's eternity.

"Hope on, hope on, the golden days
Are not as yet a-dawning;
The mists of night
Precede the light,
And usher in the morning.

"Hope on, hope on, though black the clouds
Black shadows intertwining,
Yet calm and still,
O'er heath and hill,
The stars will soon be shining.

"Hope on, hope on, through frost and snow,
Through trouble, toil, and sorrow;
Through wind and rain
And tears and pain
The sun will pierce to-morrow.

"Hope on, hope on, though friends be few,
And dark the way before thee,
A God of love
From heaven above,
Shall shed his radiance o'er thee."
—Extract from sermon by Philip S. Moxom.

THE STILL HOUR.

God wills us to be holy. That means, it is his purpose that we shall be holy. He shows us that he is good in order that we may become good. The revelation of the nature—that is, the character—of God is therefore a sure ground of hope.

This truth grows convincingly clear when we consider the distinctive feature of revelation,—the love of God for mankind.

The mission of Christ, so beautifully expressed in the language of the post-exilic prophet,—

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me,
Because He hath anointed me to preach
good tidings to the poor;
He hath sent me to proclaim release to the
captives,
And recovering of sight to the blind.
To set at liberty them that are bruised.
To proclaim the acceptable year of the
Lord,"—

and the message of Christ that God is a loving and merciful Father, that men should believe in him and turn from their sin and despair and strive after righteousness,—this mission and message, pledging salvation, purification, and peace, became the basis of an invincible hope for the world. This is the ever-living heart of the gospel, the essence of real Christianity; and the hope of salvation—the emancipation and perfection of the soul—is the rational prerogative of all to whom the gospel has come. It must ultimately become the possession of all humankind.

In each one's individual life, in his effort to attain knowledge, to accomplish worthy work, to win an honorable place among his fellows, to live nobly, it is hope which keeps the mind alert, the pulse strong and true, and the spirit courageous.

In this life all have much to bear as well as to do, a discipline of trial to undergo as well as a task to accomplish. The myth of Prometheus is a true representation of life in one of its largest aspects. An angered Zeus had him chained to a crag of the Caucasus, and sent an eagle to feed every day upon his liver which grew again every night. There, through ages, the giant reclined upon the rock while the fierce bird of prey tore his vitals.

So, sometimes, it seems as if we were chained fast while pain and sorrow and unsatisfied desire devour us. But Prometheus never lost hope that his tormentor at last would be overtaken by doom and deliverance would come. So, when all else is lost, man has hope to fortify his soul and enable him to bear and to wear out the slow years with great endurance. One who hopes can bear all things. However ill present conditions may be, there is always the possibility of change for the better.

"What though my joys and comforts die,
The Lord my Saviour liveth;
What though the darkness gather round,
Songs in the night he giveth."

Toiling, suffering, oft-disappointed men and women, live hopefully! Never let go the expectation of the coming good.

"O patient souls, storm-beat and driven,
And robbed by wintry blast,
Who hold, through all God's chastening,
His promises so fast,—
Or soon or late his love shall bring
Eternal spring."

Life is meant to be crescent, not to stagnate on a low level and not to sink in de-

feat. Work in hope for the highest ends. never accept failure of right purpose. The redemption of the world from sin and its rise out of ignorance and weakness and folly is God's enterprise. The hands never go back on God's dial.

"There shall never be one lost good!"
sang Abt Vogler.

"What was, shall live as before;

The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;

What was good shall be good, with for evil so much good more;

On earth the broken arcs, in the heaven a perfect round."

—Philip S. Moxom.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, a Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.—Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" Unless otherwise stated, all books offered in this department are *given*, and the postage paid.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

OFFERS.

Will any one who would like to receive "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.?

REQUESTS.

[Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club Secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. The good friends have been very kind to me in sending reading matter, and I assure them I appreciate their kindness and try to help scatter their sunshine as much as I can in my small way. We only have preaching here once a month. The other Sunday evenings we have a Young People's Union Society: three or four different denominations work together in it. I am a member of the Christian Church called by many "Campbellites," but the church is so weak here that we have not had a preacher for three or four years; but we have a union Sunday-school and young people's prayer meeting, and so I have a chance to do all I am capable of doing. Some one sent me a bunch of *Every Other Sunday* papers. My Sunday-school class enjoyed them so much I would be glad to get more of them. I have a class of about thirty boys and girls, from the age of ten to one. They are bright and sweet children. Myrtle A. Ford, Danville, Missouri.

[Another package of *Every Other Sunday* has been sent.]

2. Mrs. Ed. L. Jones, Mannsville, Indian Territory, asks for "The Leopard's Spots" or any light reading.

3. "Pilgrim's Progress," "Looking Backward," and "Robinson Crusoe" are asked for by Miss Susie Thompson, Lenore, Kansas.

4. I have five children. My husband is a farmer. We live off in a thinly settled country fourteen miles from railroad, several miles from church. I am in bad health

at present, able to do but little work, and wish for books to help while the lonely hours away. The following are some of those I would be very thankful for: "Fourth" or "Fifth Reader," "Grammar," "United States History," small "Geography," "Primer," or any books suitable for children. I hope you can send for myself, "Ruins of Ancient Cities," "St. Elmo," and "Penelope's Progress." Would be glad of those or any interesting reading you might send me. Mrs. Jennie J. Roberson, Dodson, Patrick County, Virginia.

5. Mrs. Laurella Smith, Reid, Oklahoma, will be glad of any reading.

6. I wish to thank the kind friends who are sending me magazines and other reading matter. I am receiving *Everybody's Magazine*, which I enjoy very much, also the *New England Magazine*; also the *Youth's Companion*, which we all enjoy very much. I shall soon begin to work in the fruit and shall not have time to write again till fall. Received a *Cheerful Letter* to-day, for which I thank all. Mrs. Alice Hull, Los Gatos, California.

7. Mr. L. H. Brown, Salisbury, North Carolina, will be glad to distribute any reading sent him.

8. Mrs. Jennie Floyd, Stella, Virginia, wishes reading to help pass the sad and lonely days.

9. Miss Mattie Sale, Brier Creek, North Carolina, especially desires a Bible dictionary.

10. Mrs. Laura Colson, Lilesville, North Carolina, asks for a Bible in large print.

11. Mollie F. Robertson, Moore's Mill, Virginia, would like a Bible in large print.

12. Jennie Dickesoon, Clio, Virginia, will be glad to receive *Ladies' Home Journal*, current numbers, or any magazines.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

Unfriendly harshness never cures a fault, but only teaches a child to hide it.

I had a striking instance of this in the case of a little stepson of a friend of mine. The child's besetting sin was greediness, and this fault his good-natured father fostered and encouraged by indulgence.

Seeing my friend's distress when the poor child was allowed—encouraged even—to stuff himself with indigestible cakes, I wondered at her silence.

I knew next to nothing about children then, but as soon as we were alone together I spoke on the subject with all the vehemence of inexperience.

I said she ought to "take a firm tone about it."

She laughed.

"I should only show the child my own weakness, for I can't prevent his father spoiling him. And what chance should I have with Ted's character in the future if his first idea of me was as some one who always said 'no' when his father said 'yes'?"

I admitted the truth of what she had said but asked her if she could not teach the child how disgusting such greediness was.

"No," she said, "not yet. I could only teach him to hide it from me. Wait a little: I have more faith in patience than preaching."

About a year later I called at my friend's house, and found the children just finishing dinner.

"Aunt Sallie," lisped Ted, "I wish you'd come in time to have some of our dinner."

"Well," said my friend, "there is a little piece of pudding left. Shall I give it to Aunt Sallie or to you, Ted?"

Ted looked lovingly at the pudding, and said very laboriously, "Give it to Aunt Sallie."

I knew what was expected of me, so I took the pudding; but I felt almost a cannibal, as if I had been eating the poor child himself. He watched it mournfully as it disappeared.

"Did you like that pudding, Aunt Sallie?" he asked gravely, as I finished.

"Yes, Ted," I said cheerfully, "it was a very nice pudding, and I was hungry after my long walk, you know."

"Then I am glad you had it." And he ran away to play.

"Thank you very much," said my friend, as he disappeared. "Hot jam roll is not, perhaps, what you would have chosen as a refreshment after a long hot walk; but you supported me gallantly. I am beginning the campaign, you see."

Some time later I was with my friend while she was making preserves. Teddy was looking on, staring at the plums.

"Well, Ted," she said pleasantly, "I would not stare like that if I were you: it isn't

nice. If you want to have a plum, why don't you ask for one? I always give you what you ask for when I can, don't I?"

"Yes, mamma! May I have a plum, mamma?"

"Yes, you may."

But she did not give him one for a moment: he held out his hand

"Oh, there it is, Ted. I was only waiting to see if you wouldn't ask if Rosa and Lill [little children next door] might not have one, too?"

The child's face brightened. "Oh, yes, mother. Please may they have one?"

And he ran away with the three big plums, much more happily than if he had been only thinking of his own little treat.

"A few plums don't matter," my friend said to me. "But it is a trifle awkward, sometimes, having to share everything with one's neighbor's children. You see, I am determined to get him into the habit of thinking he can't enjoy his little treats unless he shares them."

"When once he feels that, he will be cured of greediness. A healthy love of good things is quite a different matter: that is natural to all children. Real greediness is very rare, and often passes unnoticed, or is treated as a joke in a child, though every one knows that, if he is greedy as a child, he will be greedy as a man, and a greedy man is almost more despised than a wicked one. I think Ted will make a very nice man."

I have seen the child since, and there certainly seems every prospect of his mother's hope being fulfilled; for he is now as sweet and unselfish and well-bred a little laddie as any mother could wish to see.

I do not mean to say that my friend, being human, never lost her temper with the boy, or that there were not times when her gentle ways failed to make impression on him; but she never, either with him or her own little ones, failed in that sympathetic camaraderie which makes children feel that "mother" is not only their best, but their pleasantest friend.—*Selected.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

MY SUMMER BOARDERS.

For the first time in my life I saw before me an idle summer, having to drop everything and give myself over to whole months of rest, and naturally the last thing I thought of was taking boarders. But after a few

weeks of real spring sunshine they began to come, and were really established before I knew it.

Their dining-room is the front yard to the little old-fashioned house where I live, which has a queer bit of a porch built over the front door, and on this porch a red honeysuckle has rioted for years; but this particular year it has not blown a single trumpet. I mourned over it at first, and then made up my mind that in the economy of nature absolute rest had been prescribed for that also, and that another year we might both come out beautifully.

The table about which my boarders gather is a flower-bed under the east window, and my couch is just inside this window, so I can hear and see all that passes. Of course I was a little excited when some of my boarders came to meals before the cloth was laid, but that was nothing to my surprise when I found, after the table was covered with a lovely pattern of nasturtium leaves, that they nibbled the tablecloth, and one or two actually ate up their napkins. I had to just sit still and see them do it, and, tired as I was, I might have been discouraged if I had not such a staff of helpers, who quietly and mysteriously replace everything, and in fact take upon themselves the whole care of dining-room and table.

Without a word from me, the wind sweeps off the crumbs, the rain washes up the things, the sun dries them, and the dew keeps the tiny cups supplied with all the nectar my boarders would find good for themselves.

For breakfast, the light brings out a set of my dainty dwarf morning-glories in different tints, and at dinner they use the common red and white petunias; and, though I have a good supply, yet I often catch the social things drinking from the same cup. For afternoon teas they use an elaborate set of four-o'clocks; and such a buzzing as there is over the cups, all talking at once, and I only wish I could repeat some of the things I hear said.

For the humming birds, who are the most beautifully dressed among my boarders, I keep a jar of flame-red nasturtiums in the east window, and my lady humming bird has once or twice darted in and taken a hasty lunch with me.

A handsome phlox occupies one side of the table, and one day I found a charming little fellow dining all by himself. He tried everything there was on the table, coming back the second time for another taste, and

I thought he might be a little fly-a-way hummer that had not yet learned his most delicate manners.

Early in August my *Eupatorium* came into bloom, and has its place on the shady side of the table, where it seems the favorite fare of the butterflies, who come dressed in real gala attire of all colors. I have observed some in the loveliest white costumes sharing the sweets with ordinary honey bees that work for a living: I was glad to see it!

It was a great day for us all when an elegant sideboard of yellow lilies was added to the attractions of the dining-room; and it was worth something to see the procession of black ants coming like nuns from their crypt underground, and, marching single file up those lily stalks, to pass out of sight and on into the golden hearts of the lilies.

A begonia with glossy leaves and white, waxy blossoms has the centre of the table, and one noon I heard a grum voice humming away in great satisfaction; and there at the table was a most gorgeous bumblebee all in ebony and gold. He left his petunia goblet untouched, and went straight for that begonia. Over and over he tried every blossom, mumbling his gratification and delight. He was certainly handsome, but I could not help feeling that he was as much to be feared as admired, and not for the world would I have offended him.

Then once there came a pair of handsome beetles, evidently for change of diet, or a more liberal one, judging by their appetites. It would seem their former hostess had foreseen hard times and had stinted them. I never said a word, but they finished the begonia.—*Anna J. Granniss, in Good Housekeeping.*

(To be continued.)

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.*

WORK FOR CHIMNEY-SWEEPS.

It is always interesting to be able to picture a man in the mind's eye, as he stands, in the midst of his work, at certain periods of his career. The following extracts from a "word-portrait," written in 1838, will assist the reader in this respect:—

"Lord Ashley possesses, perhaps, the palest, purest, stateliest exterior of any man you will see in a month's perambulation

*The Earl of Shaftesbury was called Lord Ashley until he succeeded to the family title after his father's death.

of Westminster: indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a more complete beau-ideal of aristocracy.

"His Lordship looks about six and twenty, but is some ten years older. He is above the medium height,—about five feet eleven, with a slender and extremely graceful figure, which might almost pass for that of some classic statue attired in a fashionable English costume;

"His forehead has also much of the marble about it. His curling dark hair, in its thick masses, resembles that of a sculptured bust, and his fine brow and features are distinctly yet delicately cut, the nose perhaps a trifle too prominent to be handsome. He has light blue eyes, deeply set, and near each other, with projecting white eyelids; his mouth is small, retiring and compressed.

"The whole countenance has the coldness as well as the grace of a chiselled one, and expresses decision, prudence, and determination in no common degree. To judge from the set form of his lips, you would say not only that he never acts from impulse, but that he seldom, if ever, acted from an impulse in his life. All that Lord Ashley does, seems to be done from conviction and principle. . . .

"I believe his character quite corresponds with his appearance. He is said to be long in determining on a line of proceeding; but, when his mind is once made up, nothing can turn him aside or alter his resolution. He proceeds with an indefatigable perseverance, and spares no effort to accomplish his purpose.

"As pieces of composition, his addresses are faultless: every sentence is perfect in form and correct in its bearing. His delivery is fluent, but not rapid; his voice fine and rich in tone, but not sufficiently exerted to be generally audible; and his manner, though evidently he is quite in earnest, is animated, but somewhat cold. . . .

"I have understood that his Lordship is very nervous, and yet the most striking feature of his public deportment is his apparently rigid self-possession, which he never loses for a moment."

As we turn to each fresh phase of philanthropic labor in which the energies of Lord Ashley were successively, or, indeed, more often simultaneously, engaged, we are constantly reminded of the hard battle that always has to fought whenever the dictates

of humanity come into conflict with the motives of self-interest. In the history of public opinion on great moral questions it is almost universally found that a long time elapses before the conscience of a nation is distinctly awakened to any evil that exists, and in which it takes a part.

It was so in the case of juvenile chimney-sweeps. For more than a hundred years the miseries of these poor little creatures were persistently kept before the public by philanthropic individuals, and yet the iniquities of the system were not abolished. Chiefly in order that the owners of property should be spared the expense of having to alter their chimneys, children were permitted to lead lives of torture and degradation.* . . .

In 1834 an act was passed with stricter clauses, for insuring that no apprentice should be employed under ten years of age. It was also made a misdemeanor to send a child up a chimney on fire for the purpose of extinguishing it. Hitherto this atrocity had been of frequent occurrence. For the future, apprentices were to go on trial, and not be bound if they objected. The act also imposed penalties for ill-treating apprentices, and made some regulations as to the size of chimneys. . . . Parliament did not see its way to prohibit entirely the occasional smothering of a child, but was desirous of making the scene of the tragedy a little more comfortable than had hitherto been the case. Even this moderate and compromising bill was opposed by Lord Kenyon and others, on the ground of its endangering the safety of the metropolis, and the "Sun," the "Phoenix," and some other insurance companies petitioned against it.

A new departure was taken in 1840, when an act was passed, punishing with fine all who should compel, or knowingly allow, any one under the age of twenty-one years to ascend or descend a chimney, or enter a flue for the purpose of sweeping or cleaning it. No chimney-sweeper's apprentice was to be under sixteen years of age. This act, like the preceding one, also contained regulations for the future construction of chimneys.

In the passage of this bill through the House of Commons, Lord Ashley was warmly interested, and took part in the debates that ensued. On April 14, when, in committee of the whole House, a resolution was passed, giving leave for a bill to be brought in, for the regulation of chimney-sweepers

* The details are too painful to insert.

and chimneys, he expressed his gratitude to the government for the manner in which they had taken up this measure. "The House has been very kind and benevolent to the children employed in factories,"* he said; but from personal inquiry into both cases he could say that the condition of those children was tenfold better than that of the chimney-sweepers. Every fire insurance company in London except one had adopted machines for sweeping chimneys, and recommended their adoption to others. He trusted that the system of sweeping chimneys by children would shortly pass away, for it had led to more misery and more degradation than had prevailed in any other Christian country.

When the bill was in committee, Lord Ashley aided the promoters by making vigilant efforts to prevent it from being spoiled by amendments. . . . The bill, after passing the Commons, was carried successfully through the Lords, in spite of a strong opposition and a formidable attempt to shelve it, by referring it to a select committee; and on August 7 it received the royal assent.

The labors of Lord Ashley in Parliament were, as a rule, the least part of his work on behalf of any cause he espoused, and it was so in the present case. He went to see the "climbing boys" at their work; he confronted the masters; he took legal proceedings, at his own expense, as "test" cases, and even made provision for life, in certain instances, for the poor little sufferers whom he was able to rescue from their living death. It would have been impossible, however, for him to have accomplished what he did had he not been largely assisted by others, and he was never backward in acknowledging the help he received.

Here are some passages from his diary:—

"July 4th. Anxious, very anxious, about my sweeps. The Conservative Peers threaten a fierce opposition, and the radical ministers warmly supported the bill. Normanby has been manly, open, kind-hearted, and firm.† As I said to him in a letter,

* This sounds sarcastic. Something had been done, but not much. Lord Ashley seems to have gone on the Jacob Abbott principle, of encouraging by commendation any effort to do right, however small, rather than finding fault even where blame is deserved.

† Perhaps we ought to explain that Lord Ashley was at this time in the House of Commons. He could only sit in the House of Lords after succeeding to the title (Earl of Shaftesbury). The title of the son of an earl or other nobleman is called a "courtesy" title, and does not make him a peer nor admit him to the House of Lords. Lord Ashley could uphold the bill in the House of Commons, but it had to be committed to others when it was before the House of Lords.

so say I now, 'God help him with the bill, and God bless him for it!' I shall have no ease or pleasure in the recess should these poor children be despised by the Lords and tossed to the mercy of their savage purchasers. I find that Evangelical religionists are not those on whom I can rely. The Factory Question, and every question for what is called 'humanity,' receive as much support from the men of the world as from the men who say they will have nothing to do with it!

"I do not wonder at the Duke of Wellington. I have never expected from him anything of the 'soft and tender' kind. Let people say what they will, *he is a hard man*. Stevens tells me he left the Oxford Petition at Apsley House, thinking that the Duke as Chancellor would present it; he received this answer, 'Mr. Stevens has *thought fit* to leave some petitions at Apsley House. *They will be found with the porter.*'

"July 21st. Much anxiety, hard labor, many hopes and many fears, all rendered useless by 'counting out the House.' The object of years within my grasp, and put aside in a moment. A notice to investigate the condition of all the wretched and helpless children in pin works, needle works, collieries, etc. The necessary and beneficial consequence of the Factory Question! God knows I had felt for it and prayed for it; but the day arrived, everything seemed adverse, a morning sitting, a late period of the session, and a wet afternoon; and, true enough, at five o'clock there were but thirty-seven members, and these mostly radicals or Whigs. Shall I have another opportunity? The inquiry, without a statement to Parliament, will be but half the battle—nay, not so much; I must have public knowledge and public opinion working with it. Well, it is God's cause, and I commit it altogether to him. I am, however, sorely disappointed; but how weak and short-sighted is man! This temporary failure may be the harbinger of success.

"August 24th. Succeeded in both my suits. I undertook them in a spirit of justice. I constituted myself, no doubt, a defender of the poor, to see that the poor and miserable had their rights; but 'I looked and there was none to help.' . . . I stood to lose several hundred pounds, but I have not lost a farthing. I have advanced the cause, done individual justice, anticipated many calamities by this forced prevention, and soothed, I hope, many angry, discontented

Chartist spirits by showing them that men of rank and property can, and do, care for the rights and feelings of all their brethren. Let no one ever despair of a good cause, for want of coadjutors: let him persevere, persevere, persevere, and God will raise him up friends and assistants! I have had, and still have, Jowett and Low: they are matchless.

"Sept 19th. Stevens wrote to me yesterday, and gave me information that he had at last succeeded in negotiating the delivery of the wretched sweep behind my house in London. I had begun to negotiate; but the master stood out for more money than was fair, and we determined to seek the unnatural father of the boy, and tempt him by the offer of a gratuitous education. We have done so, and have prospered; and the child will this day be conveyed from his soot hole to the Union School on Norwood Hill, where, under God's blessing and especial merciful grace, he will be trained in the knowledge and love and faith of our common Lord and our only Saviour, Jesus Christ. I entertain hopes of the boy: he is described as gentle and of a sweet disposition. We all know he has suffered, and were eager to rescue him from his temporal and spiritual tyrant. May God, in his unbounded goodness and mercy, accept and defend the child, and train him up to his honor and service, now and forever, through the mediation and love of our dear and blessed Lord!"—*Extracts from Life of Shaftesbury, by Hodder.*

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

Sarah Freeman Clarke to her brother, James Freeman Clarke.

NEWTON, Jan. 26, 1834.

Dear James,—First, grandmamma desires that you will not send any money, as she will rejoice in paying for the "Rosenmüller," though she thinks it ridiculous for you to have German books when your grandfather did without them. But she wishes much, and grandfather, too, to know how much salary you receive, so please to write that down in your next communication. Also, grandfather desires that you will accept his *Christian Examiner*, and be content to wait till he has read it.

Grandmamma desires me to say that she should be glad if you would write to her, but she remembers that you have a great

deal of writing to do. She wants to know whether you do not want a new velvet waistcoat. And she wishes to know how cold it is with you at this time, from the 20th to the 26th of January, inclusive, if you can remember. It has been very cold here. She is glad to know that you had such a good time at Cincinnati, was pleased that you met with the Pomeroy's and that you liked them; that you were refreshed with the tranquil beauty of Mrs. Rogers and that of the moon-eyed Mrs. Peabody. I am glad that you went to see Mrs. Smith. I remember her as Miss Bailey well. Cincinnati seems a great deal nearer than Louisville, from the familiar names that cluster there.

I think your poetry, the translation, is beautiful, though there are some lines that seem as if they might have been more significant in the original. But that about the first love is a little gem. It expresses clearly and exhibits truly the one idea that it undertakes; and, though you call it refined selfishness, I am not clear that it is so. The other piece about the college frolics I liked, too, and all that you said about those days: it enlightened and edified me greatly. Perhaps you do not know how completely ignorant I was of all that was passing among you. In truth I could not conceive what you were all at. It seemed to be something. If I had judged only from George and Margaret, I should have thought the plan was to pull people to pieces to see what they were made of, and then divert themselves with the fragments. I felt all the time I was with either of them that there was some such design concealed under a manner which was intended to mystify from its very recklessness. But, then, you and E., I knew, were not so hardened; and yet there seemed a perfect concert between you all. In short, I was completely puzzled, and never enjoyed you so little as when you were with George, E. so little as when she was with Margaret.

I wish you could hear the conversation now passing between Dr. and Mrs. Freeman concerning yourself. Dr. Freeman says, waking up, "I believe it will not do for James to settle there in that barbarous region." "No, indeed," says Mrs. Freeman; "not he, indeed. A church with seven members!*" You may judge from that what sort of a place the child is in." "But," rejoins the Doctor, "he will become a man of consequence there,

*Church members were separate from the rest of the congregation.

more than he can here." "A man of consequence, indeed! What is that compared to happiness?" says Mrs. Freeman. "Why, that is happiness," says the Doctor; "and then, too, he will have many good friends there." "Pretty sort of friends, those!" quoth the lady. She has a decided aversion to hearing a word said upon the subject, and will not allow that it is possible for you to remain there longer than this year. Indeed, I *hope* you will come home without having made any permanent arrangement with your people to stay there. Do think of this.

William Eliot, I think, has quite determined to step Westward, too. Now I think of it, do tell me whether that was not a picture of yourself that you sent me. I am sure of it, but no person who has seen it has recognized it. I think you must have looked straight into the glass and drawn it. It is a caricature of your *earnest* look. I cannot compliment the picture at the expense of the original. Mrs. Freeman was particularly offended with me for supposing it could be meant for you. "Such a vulgar looking fellow! *She* did not think it was meant for the child,—not she! She was not such a fool."

That Bishop Smith, who was so kind to you, I find is the cousin of Louisa's husband. Ann Maria told me some circumstances of his wife's death, which were deeply interesting. She died, it seems, of cholera, about three or four months ago; was taken ill late in the evening; the family physician was at the time very sick; the Bishop had had so much acquaintance with the disease that he felt more confidence in his own skill than in that of any other physician, so he did not call any one, but himself administered the proper medicines. She lived four hours, and it was evident from the first that she must die. So there alone, in that mortal agony, undisturbed by the presence of any other person, they enjoyed, as he said, a perfect spiritual communion. She died, supported by him alone. He writes a great deal to Mr. Smith, for he wishes him to derive support under his affliction from the same source that he does himself.

I believe you are right in condemning Bulwer as wanting in a system of thought. Yet he has a very just and generous system of *feeling*, which to me stands instead of the other. It is all that renders his books valuable, and I must try to explain to you why I admired "*Pelham*" as you seem surprised

at it. I admire neither that, nor these other novels of Bulwer, as works of art nor as vehicles of thought, but simply as expressions of a generous sympathy with the mass of his countrymen; and I admire *him* less for feeling this than for so consistently and unweariedly endeavoring to express it, devoting all his powers to the task, laboring in "*Pelham*" to exhibit a member of the aristocracy, cultivated in taste to the last degree of finical refinement, and yet with a manly spirit and generous feeling,—in short, with a soul. And this character, though wanting in harmony and proportion, the two parts of it being incongruous, seemed to me intended to excite, if possible, some Promethean fire in the hearts of that part of the aristocracy of England who are dead in selfishness. The *endeavor* to do this seemed to me praiseworthy. And so the design of "*Paul Clifford*," which I think is much superior to the first in design and execution, the character of Paul having more reality and *tone* than that of "*Pelham*"; and surely the moral of this book is unquestionable (though, alas! I remember it has been more questioned than that of the others), since it shows the necessity of sympathizing with criminals, and exhibits in a strong light the defects of that law which draws the poor and petty criminal still deeper into crime and shields the guilt of the rich and titled from punishment, exciting the fierce passions of the poor man and encouraging the indulgence of the selfish passions of the rich man. Even "*Eugene Aram*"—which is monstrous as a work of art—seems not without its design,—that of showing that all should sympathize with criminals, because all are liable to crime, even those who by nature and education would seem most removed from it. But this is an impossible and ridiculous character, and its good intention is its only apology. "*The Disowned*" and "*Devereux*" seem written more for his own sake than that of others, but have more unity and harmony, I think. "*England and the English*" pleased me, because it showed that I had not been mistaken in seeing a good and distinct object in the other works, however faulty they might be. And though, as you say, he is not philosopher enough to fathom the source of all the miseries of the British people, yet he is right to give them what light he has at this crisis when they need it so much. He is right to try to strengthen the feeling of loyalty in their hearts, so that, if a revolution should take place, they may have

something to hold together by in the struggle; and he is right in attacking the slumbering, selfish aristocracy, and trying to awaken them to perceive and understand their situation. It seems to me that such a book must do good, though wanting in that profound and universal philosophy which, as you say, it pretends to. Now tell me if there is not *something* in all this that I have taken so much trouble to say?

What makes me think your criticism very just is that, though I read "England" three times over, and with greater pleasure each time, I cannot remember much of it, after all. This proves that the thoughts were loose and disjointed and unsupported by ideas. I thank you for that distinction.

Margaret D. desires me to tell you that Miss Rubadub is dead, and she hopes you will not laugh at this melancholy event. Only think, the spirit of independence has seized even her, and she has begun to keep a dancing-school in Cambridge; has ten scholars. Louisa F., too, perhaps you did not know, has taken a school there. She began with five scholars, but hopes to have more next quarter. She has six or seven more engaged. The dean's two children are her pupils. I am going to-morrow to Cambridge, to stay three or four days. Tell me what was the object of the fair that Mr. Bacon told me was to take place next spring among your ladies. I will send some things, if I know.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

Address everything relative to the Amusement Column to Miss Kate L. Watson, Post-office Box 57, Worcester, Mass.

DESCRIPTIVE INITIALS.

For the Cheerful Letter.

1. He Was Loved.
2. He Was Brilliant.
3. Welcome, Cultured Bard.
4. Just Read "Longings."
5. Peace Bringer.
6. Brother Hopeful.
7. Reverent Christian.
8. Joyous, Faithful Christian.
9. Loving Friend Cheer-us

CONUNDRUMS.

Selected.

1. What is the difference between the north pole and the south?

2. What country do all babies live in?
3. Why was Benjamin Franklin's philosophy like the candles that he helped to make when he was a boy?
4. If you were a butcher, how would you measure a yard of pork to a customer?
5. What does bac-kac-he spell?
6. What is the difference between real and funereal?

Answers to Questions in June Number.

- I. The remainder will always be half of the number given to be added.
- II. Jacob, Hebrews (Jay cob, He brews).
- III. Miserable (miser able).
- IV. Courtship of Miles Standish.
- V. France.

A Correction.—We apologize to the author of A Century of Charades for a mistake which crept into the Amusement Column for June. The line quoted with disapproval reads, "Devoid of every *Christian* grace," not "*human* grace" as quoted; but even this seems to us unfair to our Jewish brothers and sisters; for Christian graces are the same whether exemplified in Jews, Christians, Mohammedans, or moral heathen. The founder of Christianity was a Jew.

Every true spiritual longing is a reaching up out of self into a better, truer, nobler life. Praying is always a climbing upward toward God. We can thus climb only at the cost of struggle and self-denial,—the crucifixion of the old nature.—*J. R. Miller, D.D.*

Growing old gracefully taxes the inner forces and resources of us all; and, somehow, it seems to be that it is the few only who so take the changes and experiences of life as to be not merely chastened, but sweetened by them,—not merely disciplined, but mellowed. We need always to guard against a certain tendency to deterioration; and I am quite sure that one secret of youth is to keep up, with determined and steady hand, one's own tone, to avoid rut and narrowing circles.—*J. F. W. Ware.*

The discipline of temptation is what we must have to toughen the moral fibre. How can the soul learn to choose good rather than evil, unless it has the evil presented to it as well as the good?—*Henry W. Foote.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

TRAVELLING LIBRARIES.

The Travelling Libraries have now become an important part of Cheerful Letter work. In order that this department may be thoroughly organized and systematized, Miss Louise Brown, Box 91, South Framingham, Mass., has kindly consented to take it in charge. Will those interested in these libraries, and desiring information, kindly address Miss Brown as above?

You will confer the greatest benefits on your city, not by raising its roofs, but by exalting its souls. For it is better that great souls should live in small habitations than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses.—*Epictetus*.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

Miss Frances B. Fisher, our Assistant Secretary, is to be absent in Europe for several months. Will members and others kindly notice this, and send requests for correspondents to Miss M. A. Macomber, Framingham, Mass., until further notice?

Those who send contributions of any sort to the Cheerful Letter must have them sent in by or before the fifth of the month if they are to be inserted in the next issue.

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